



# "PUNCH'S" APOLOGY

"Britannia Sympathizes With Columbia."

NOTE.—No one is to be envied who has made a joke of something which he afterward finds to be tragic. During the Civil war in America the English comic paper, Punch, at first regarded North and South alike as vastly amusing, and promptly turned the heart-breaking struggle into a joke. As the war went on, Punch gradually leaned more to the belief that the North was pursuing a course of downright criminality in attempting to force the South to remain in the Union, and it held up the Northern leaders to scorn and hatred as being both foolish and wicked. Week after week cartoons of Lincoln appeared which made him out a bully, a boor, a hypocrite and a cruel trickster. All this seemed plausible enough to the readers of Punch, who could not imagine that a man of Lincoln's humble origin and uncouth appearance could be both gentleman and statesman. But there came a day when the editors, rimsters and caricaturists, as they gathered for the weekly Punch dinner, had a new vision of the American president. Word had come of the shooting in Ford's theater, in Washington, and the heart of the British nation was touched with sympathy. The staff of Punch saw at last what manner of man he was whom they had been abusing. With admirable moral courage the editor, Mark Lemon, took instant action to make such amends as were possible. To the astonishment of the world appeared Tunnell's cartoon, "Britannia sympathizes with Columbia," and the famous verses now proved beyond a doubt to have been written by Tom Taylor. To the older generation of Americans they are well known. To the present generation they and the facts which called them into being are less familiar; and since they constitute not only one of the noblest apologies ever made, but also one of the most touching of all the tributes to Lincoln's memory, the verses are here reprinted.—Tunnell's cartoon represented Britannia laying a wreath on Lincoln's bier.

You, who with mocking pencil  
wont to trace,  
Broad for the self-complacent  
British sneer,  
His length of shambling limb,  
his furrowed face,  
His gaunt, gnarled hands, his un-  
kempt, bearding hair,  
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill  
at ease,  
His lack of all we prize as debon-  
air.

As in his peasant boyhood he had  
plied  
His warfare with rude Nature's  
thwarting might,—  
The unclad forest, the unbrok-  
en soil,  
The iron bark that turns the  
hurricane,  
The rapid that o'erbears the boat-  
man's toll,  
The prairie hiding the maz'd  
wanderer's tracks,

Of power or will to shine, of  
art to please;  
You, whose smart pen backed up  
the pencil's laugh,  
Judging each step, as though  
the way were plain;  
Reckless, so it could point its  
paraphernalia,  
Of chief's perplexity, or peo-  
ple's pain;

The ambush'd Indian, and the  
prowling bear,  
Such were the deeds that help'd  
his youth to train:  
Rough culture, but such trees  
large fruit may bear,  
If but their stocks be of right  
glitch and grain.  
So he grew up, a destin'd work  
to do,  
And liv'd to do it; four long  
suffering years,  
Ill fate, ill feeling, 'd report, ill'd  
through,  
And then he heard the hisses  
change to cheers,

Beside this corpse, that bears for  
winding-sheet  
The stars and stripes he liv'd  
to rear anew,  
Between the mourners at his head  
and feet,  
Say, scurrile jester, is there  
room for you?

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to  
praise,  
And took both with the same  
unwavering mood,—  
Till, as he came on light from  
darkling days,  
And seem'd to touch the goal  
from where he stood,

Yes; he had liv'd to shame me  
from my sneer,  
To lame my pencil, and confute  
my pen,  
To make me own this land  
and nation's peer,  
This rail-splitter a true-born  
king of men.

A felon hand, between the goal  
and him,  
Rear'd from behind his back,  
a trixer prest,  
And those perplex'd and patient  
eyes were dim,  
Those gaunt, long-labored limbs  
were laid to rest.

My shallow judgment I had  
learn'd to rue,  
Noting how to occasion's height  
he rose;  
How his quaint wit made home-  
truth seem more true;  
How, iron-like, his temper grew  
by blows;

The words of mercy were upon  
his lips,  
Forgiveness in his heart and on  
his pen,  
When this vile murderer brought  
swift eclipse  
To thoughts of peace on earth,  
good will to men.

How humble, yet how hopeful he  
could be;  
How in good fortune and in ill  
the same;  
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful  
in defeat;  
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish  
for fame.

The Old World and the New, from  
sea to sea,  
Utter one voice of sympathy and  
shame,  
Sore heart, so stopped when it at  
last beat high!  
Sad life, cut short just as its  
triumph came!

He went about his work,—such  
work as fell  
Ever had laid on head and  
heart and hand,—  
As one who knows, where there's  
a task to do,  
Man's honest will must Heav-  
en's good grace command;

A deed accus'd! Strokes have  
been struck before  
By the assassin's hand, whereof  
men doubt  
If more of horror or disgrace they  
bore,  
But thy foul crime, like Cain's,  
stands darkly out,

Who trusts the strength will with  
the burden grow,  
That God makes instruments to  
work his will,  
If but that will we can arrive to  
know,  
Nor tamper with the weights of  
good and ill.

Vile hand, that brandest murder  
on a slain,  
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly  
and nobly strive  
And with the martyr's crown  
greatest a life  
With meek to praise, little to be  
forgiven.

So he went forth to battle, on the  
side  
That he felt clear was Liberty's  
and Right's.

—By Tom Taylor.

## NOTES

The Sicilian players from Europe, who are touring the United States this winter in a repertory of Italian plays, have just presented for the first time on the American stage D'Annunzio's pastoral tragedy "The Daughter of Jorio." D'Annunzio wrote the play for Signora Mimi Aguglia, who presented it in Italy, and who heads the company over here. A translation of the play was published a year or so ago by Little, Brown & Co., and illustrated with portraits and pictures of scenes in the Italian production. This is the only translation published in America, and gives a most perfect comprehension of the power and beauty of this very remarkable dramatic work.

"Monna Vanna," Maurice Maeterlinck's drama, now converted into opera, has had a somewhat stormy history. The new opera has just been produced on the other side, and which Mr. Hammerstein announced will be given at the Manhattan Opera House, was produced despite the legal efforts of the dramatist to prevent it. One remembers when the stage presentation of the play was the subject of misunderstanding between Mr. Corbett and the Irving Place Theater and Mr. Fiske. This concerned the German translation, an English translation was also made which the Harpers published as a book a few years ago. Now it is forgotten that Mr. Maeterlinck himself had some difficulty in having his play produced, the London censor having several times opposed it, many thought absurdly.

The six books which have sold best

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Galt*

## LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



FIVE DAUGHTERS OF THE LATE ERASTUS SNOW.

This interesting picture shows five well known ladies of today as they looked some years ago when the photograph was taken. They are all daughters of the late Apostle Erastus Snow. The subjects are, standing, reading left to right: Mrs. Keate, Mrs. Tanner and Mrs. Thatcher; sitting, Mrs. A. W. Ivins and Mrs. E. D. Woolley.

mean that the tale lacks movement and color and incident. It is simply the history of the lives of three brothers, all of them remarkable men in their way, of their families, of their tragedies and comedies, of all the complex relations that make up their quality. He is the mouthpiece of the author's philosophy, and his shrewd wisdom and essential nobility are so unerringly realized as to give him a high place among the greatest characters Mr. Phillips has created.

In one respect this book is a departure from even the best of its predecessors. In spite of its tragic incidents, of its evident feeling for the pathos of life, its tone is brighter, more genial than any other of the author's Dartmoor stories. There is a robust optimism in these pages that seems to indicate a maturer outlook and makes the book more impressive as a representation of life than anything else Mr. Phillips has done.

Here is another story about Taft in the far East that is told by Frederic S. Isham, the novelist. The Chinese in Shanghai were discussing the President-elect's visit to that place after the departure of the Taft party. "Mr. Taft is certainly a very big man," said one. "He is making a gesture that implied a large circle as he spoke." "He is that," answered the other. "We have certainly had a considerable sphere of American influence in our midst recently."

Katherine Jewell Everts, author and player too, who wrote for the Harpers "The Speaking Voice," has been named by Life as one who might read a lesson to those stage folk who are on the theatergoer's blacklist for mispronouncing, using their local dialects, and failing to get right meaning into words. "These vocal sinners," insists the stage critic, "should read Miss Everts book, not because it is a highly scientific work, but because its lack of technical terms makes it agreeable reading, and because the author's enthusiasm is likely to inspire a similar feeling in the reader. Life finds The Speaking Voice a strong and intelligent ally in the war against the 'Pittsburg' on the American stage."

William Dean Howells, whose favorite critical pursuit is the discovery of American literary centers, might well consider Louisville, where, as shown in a recent special article in the Cincinnati Enquirer, verses are being written by Madison Cawein, styled by Edmund Gosse as the "one hermit thrush in the world of poetry who sings from Louisville, Kentucky." Charles Hamilton Musgrove, satirist and fellow-member with John D. Rockefeller; and George Ade in the American Press-Herald Association; Charles E. Rogers, magazine poet; S. J. Duncan-Calk; Charles T. Moore; Lucien V. Rube; Young V. Allison, widely known for his completion of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Pfeiffer" on a Dead Man's Chest; Charles Dobbie, Daniel O'Sullivan; Cale Young Rife, husband of the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and several others. Hardly any of the school of the living from writing verse, except possibly Mr. Cawein, whose works have lately been collected into a magnificent five volume limited edition deluxe and published by the Bookman's house of Small, Maynard & company. This well-known poet has for several years been in receipt of enough checks from prominent magazines easily to support the ordinary literary Bohemian. A state of mind to the effect that he is a successful broker in Louisville has greatly amused Mr. Cawein.

Sir Gilbert Parker, M. P., whose

If your stomach is too weak to digest your food, you cannot wonder at your sickly and run-down condition. Strengthen it at once by the use of the un-failing

**HOSTETTER'S**  
CELEBRATED  
STOMACH  
BITTER

orders around with him, and the chief and principal thing he got to do is to follow them. What the fight is concerning, or in what manner the general is aiming to bring it all correct in the end, isn't, according to my calculation, a particle of our business.

"There was that in the man—ego, then, courage, whatever it was—that would never recognize defeat, that could not be driven out of a life of long, the final victory."

Among all the "features" by which various publications mark the centenary of Lincoln's birth, there is nothing more noteworthy, nothing that will touch the hearts of the American people more deeply, than the remarkable poem on the coming of the news of Lincoln's death which a veteran of the Civil war has contributed to the Washington and Lincoln Day Number of The Youth's Companion. The same number of the Youth's Companion contain 11 portraits of Lincoln, some depicting him in the period of the Lincoln-Douglas debates; others, at various times during the Civil war. One reproduces the life mask, made in 1860. These, with some well chosen Lincoln anecdotes, makes it an issue of extraordinary importance and interest to the generation that has come up since Lincoln died.

When we get things down to a floor point, and figure out a few things that are still here, we can all get our souls weighed. This, at least, is the opinion recently expressed in London by Fournier d'Albe, secretary of the Society of Psychological Research. He says souls are made out of "psychometers," and that some day we'll have instruments that will enable us to see, weigh and measure our "psychometers," which hitherto have been scattered all over four bodies, unite into a "soul body," which henceforth floats about subsisting on sun-rays and paying no board bills. The soul, he says, will be expected to take due notice thereof.

## Bernard Shaw Advocates "Burying Alive" in Politics

London Literary Letter

LONDON, Feb. 4.—Bernard Shaw has announced his intention of attending the conference of the Labor party to be held at Portsmouth shortly, and behind this it is not difficult to perceive "the great and only" G. B. S., as a political candidate. It has long been more than a rumor—which has never been contradicted—that the author has contrived, on the one hand, and if he gets in Shaw, the magic letters "M. P." behind his name will enter upon a literally more "novel" field of activity than book-writing. Many of his opponents would transfer the powers now held by the Lord Chamberlain to the London County Council, which already controls the censorship of the music halls, a consequence being that the playwright can sometimes secure hearing in the halls when the theaters are refused him. Authors and managers are not wholly in accord on this question. One of the writers who take their stand with Sir Gilbert is T. P. O'Connor, of the famous "P. P." Weekly; another is A. E. W. Mason.

In a recent interview on this subject, Shaw said: "The London press have consistently ignored my political speeches, although they readily printed any reference to Shakespeare which, uttered as serious criticism, became transformed somehow into gross and ill-mannered stupidity. Please do not suppose that I complain of this suppression. It is of the greatest possible service to the Fabian society. Thanks to it, our operations are never discovered by the Tory press. We have carried them on for 20 years, by which time opposition to us is hopeless."

It might be mentioned, with reference to Mr. Shaw's last remark, that the "intellectual elite" of the socialist movement in England, H. G. Wells was long associated with them, and now that Wells has resigned, Bernard Shaw is their literary leader. What ever has been done toward "enlightening the masses" in England through tracts, pamphlets and by propaganda, is claimed by the Fabians to have had its origin with them, though, of course, this statement is challenged by other organizations. If Bernard Shaw gets into Parliament, one of his first tasks will be to Fabianize the House of Commons, which, by the way, is an undertaking which nobody but Shaw would perhaps tackle. His methods of accomplishing this desirable object would be unique, if not peculiar. For Shaw holds strange views on politics. For instance, he recently gave his views on politics in general as follows:

"It is a melancholy thing that mankind is still so indifferent to politics that it cannot be made to feel strongly by public affairs without the assistance of some stupendous calamity. I think it might take a lesson from Africa in this respect. When an African king wants to be seriously attended to, he buries a large number of people alive under the foundations of his palace, not because he wants to bury people alive, but because nobody will listen to him if he does not. I suggest that if a careful selection of the proper people was made, and there was a large burying alive every year or four years, England would become quite an intelligent country. "The necessary shock came to us" continued Shaw "with the South African war, after the appalling political and socialist storm of the nineties. The war was our burying alive, just as the earthquake in San Francisco was a burying alive there, bringing to an end the municipal brigandage which had been placidly tolerated for years."

Of course Mr. Shaw does not figure on the fact that many of his own opponents would welcome, among the advantages of the burial alive scheme the interment of "G. B. S." himself, and if his practical politics included the formation of a removal company, such as he suggests, he might, as it were, be "buried with six or seven" or, at least, buried alive in the hole it would make. However, the fact remains that Shaw is about to "wake things up" in England, and the world.

**HIGHEST IN HONORS**  
**BAKER'S COCOA**  
50  
HIGHEST AWARDS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

A perfect food, preserves health, prolongs life  
**WALTER BAKER & CO., Ltd.**  
Established 1780  
**DORCHESTER, MASS.**

## BETTER THAN SPANKING

Spanking does not cure children of bedwetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W, Notre Dame, Ind., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write her today if you children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

## Woman's Breast for Cancer.

Any tumor, lump or sore on the lip, face or anywhere six months is Cancer.

\$1000 offered by a Los Angeles Doctor for a failure to cure any cancer he treats before it poisons deep glands, is convincing. "Absolute guarantee." That man is the world renowned cancer specialist, who cures without knife or pain and charges nothing unless cured. Specially suitable for X-ray or other scientific. Dr. S. R. Chumley is the party. He has a national reputation of having cured many cancers in 25 years than any other Doctor living. He has published a book that proves that any lump in woman's breast is cancer. Honesty is his policy, he refuses those who have waited until last cure, though they frequently cost him thousands of dollars. The reader may save a life by sending this to some one with cancer. To get his 120-page book free, describe your case and address, Dr. and Mrs. Dr. Chumley & Co., 747 S. Main St., Suite T, Los Angeles, Cal.

## Gold Medal HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

Odorless Tasteless Quickly and surely relieve all forms of Begin taking these Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules today. You will find relief tomorrow. Sold in the Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsule Bottles. Haarlem Oil is genuine. Capsules 25¢ per bottle. Sole Importers, Scranton, Pa. Mercantile Institution, Drug Dept., 12 and 14 South Main St., Salt Lake City. For sale at Z. C. M. L. Drug Dept., 112-114 So. Main St., Salt Lake City.

**Movable Folding Clothes Dryer**  
Very Convenient  
Other Housekeeping, Labor-saving Conveniences, at the  
**Novely Utility Agency.**  
71 South West Temple

**Have You \$100.00 Not Earning 6%?**  
Our Mortgage Certificates are issued in amounts from \$100 up to \$5,000, and pay the investor 6 per cent interest net. They are a better investment than First Mortgage because they have exactly the same security as a First Mortgage and are additionally secured by our \$350,000 guarantee. They are free from taxation. We recommend these certificates to anyone seeking an absolutely safe investment.

**Salt Lake Security & Trust Co.,**  
32 Up Main Street.

**HEWLETT'S -TEAS- ALWAYS GOOD**

A Reliable Remedy FOR **CATARH**  
Ely's Cream Balm  
Is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once. It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts., at Druggists or by mail. Liquid Cream Balm for use in shoulders 75 cts. Ely Brothers, 55 Warren Street, New York.

**TRIB**  
A guaranteed cure for the Uguar and Tobacco Habits.  
**PRICE \$12.50**  
Schramm's, Where the Cars Stop, Sole Agency.

**MOVE WITH THE ORIGINAL BEST LAXATIVE**  
**DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS**  
GEO. T. BRICE DRUG CO.  
209 Main—Kenyon Pharmacy.